THE HERALD.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Value of Red Rust Proof Oats.

In the Rural for August, 1874, I published an experiment with red oats, that several friends asserted was exceptionable, because "it was growing oats too cheap." Another year has come and gone. I have repeated the experiment, succeeded equally as well, and am pleased to say, I have witnessed a better success with more than one of my neighbors. Red oats can be grown at an expense of twenty-five cents per bushel on any ordinary farm in the South, every such bushel will weigh thirty pounds, and a pound of oats will produce just as much muscle and fat as a pound of corn. I have kept a horse for two years without ever feeding him an ear of corn or a blade of fodder, his daily diet being shelled oats and straw, or cut oats from the sheaf; he has been ploughed, wagoned, hacked about in a buggy, and ridden under the saddle, and there never was a time he was not ready and willing to do a full share of work. Any land that ever I have seen in the South will produce two bushels of oats where it will grow one bushel of corn; each farmer for himself can calculate the cost of growins the two crops.

Red oats will yield more grain to the straw, and more delicate straw than any other oats I have ever grown. Sown in the fall, they will produce a remunerative crop on good land, even if frozen out during the winter to a single stool to every square foot. They are heavier than any other, and have never been known to take the rust. A few years ago, I selected eight adjoining acres, and on them sowed a bushel to each acre of eight varieties of oats. Some were entirely destroyed by the winter, some were ruined by rust, and all but the red oats were more or less damaged by this parasite. Not even a blade of the red oats were touched, though the acre was in the midst of those most thoroughly ruined. The time is upon us when they should again be sown, though they are remunerative if sown at any time between this and the 1st of next March.

I prefer to sow in cotton-land broadcast, and plough in with three or four sweep furrows. This lays by a cotton crop as well as sows a small grain crop, hence a saving of half the labor. It is cheaper to sow in the cotton field even if postponed till September or October, because cotton, requiring clean culture, the land is in better tilth, and fewer furrows are necessary. The hands while picking cotton during the winter will trample upon the young sprigs, and make them stool out better therefor. Sheep will winter on oats in a cotton field and never molest the cotton till they have eaten up the oats.

Where cotton is the exclusive crop, there is no little vexation and harassing doubts at harvest time to him who ventures to sow small grain. In June the cotton and corn need the attention of the laborer constantly. Hence, the policy, almost necessity, of interesting the laborer in the ownership at least of the oat crop. A fair contract, in this regard, is for the employer to furnish the seed, fertilizer, and land, and require the employe to supply the labor of seeding and harvesting, and at harvest time divide the crop, one-fourth to the laborer and three-fourths to the employer. An acre of land, producing twenty bushels of oats, would thus give the laborer five bushels of oats for about two days work (ploughing, scattering manure, knocking down stalks, and harvesting), and fifteen bushels to the owner, one and a half bushels of seed, three and a half bushels to pay for fertilizers, and ten bushels for rent. I have never known red oats to sell for less than seventy-five cents per bushel, and even at fifty cents per bushel, ten bushels are a very fair rent for land that will not produce more than twenty bushels per acre. Fair uplands in middle South Carolina will average twenty bushels without manure; and I have seen it stated that the Mississippi bottoms have yielded one hundred bushels per acre during favorable seasons.—*Col. D. Wyatt Aiken, in Rural Carolinian*

Who are the Thrifty Farmers?

Every farmer in the land, whether good, bad, or indifferent, by looking around him, within the reach of his own acquaintance, will at once determine in his own mind which of them are thrifty, and which of them are improvident and unprosperous; and by looking into their habits he will soon discover the secret of their success in farming operations. The prosperous and thrifty farmer keeps his work well up in season and out of season, he plows deep or shallow, as best suits the peculiar character of his soil; he plants in due season and cultvates cautiously and well, never plowing his land when too wet; when his crop is ripe or ready for the garner he carefully secures it; when his surplus products are ready for the market, and they are always ready at the proper time, he sells, and always gets the best price the market affords; he never loses a crop by holding it over for a better price, but sells for the best price he can get, and then turns his attention to other needed work and improvements of buildings, fencing and soil, and without delay everything on the place is properly cared for and secured; his tools, implements and stock are all of the best and most approved kinds, and best adapted to his peculiar character of soil and crops. The successful farmer must study, and keep himself posted as to improvements of the soil, stocks, &c., such as he uses, and also as to the markets, and in order to secure efficient aids in doing these things, he should, by all means, take the HERALD and some agricultural papers.

Turn it Under.

R, M. B., of Chester, Illinois, writes to "Colman's Rural World" as follows:

In my opinion there is nothing more unsightly than a newly ploughed field, where the weeds are only partially buried by the furrow slice. I have never found any difficulty in adjusting a chain, to drag under clover, buckwheat, tall cornstalks or noxious weeds of any kind. If desired, you can turn under cornstalks from eight to ten feet in length. My usual plan is, to take a log chain—one somewhat lighter than the ordinary ones would do just as well—and attach one end of this to the whiffletree of the animal that walks in the furrow, and fasten the other end to the plow beam near the standard of the plow. I have heard of a hook being made out of ¾ inch iron rod, bent so as to serve in the place of a chain, but have never seen one. If I should undertake to make one, I would fasten the front end to the beam with the same kind of a clasp as that used to hold the coulter; for with such a fastening I could raise or lower the back end of the hook.

As we have a large and abundant growth of weeds this year, the foregoing suggestions may not be out of place.

The Cheapest Manure Known.

Dr. Daniel Lee, in the Nashville Union and American, says that land plaster (gypsum) is the cheapest manure known to him, and he has been a careful observer of its effects for sixty years. He adds that it has been in use in this country for one hundred years, since Franklin wrote his name in sowed plaster, brought from Paris to Philadelphia, which had such a fertilizing effect that all could read his name in clover and lucerne. He refers to a locality in the State of New York, where it has been used for fifty years, and though containing no ammonia or nitrogen in any form; no potash, no magnesia, both of which exist in all crops; no phosphoric acid, yet many upland fields were more productive in 1874 than 1824, after the removal of fifty harvests, receiving in return less than seventy-eight pounds per acre of a true sulphate of lime a year, and never any other fertilizer.

Money in Hay.

There is probably no business in which our farmers can engage that would prove more remunerative than cutting and putting up hay. This spring hundreds of tons of hay were shipped to Omaha, from thirty to one hundred miles by railroad, and sold at a fair profit. Hundreds of men, who appear to be intelligent and enterprising, will tell us, with arms folded and their faces looking as though they had lost their best friend, that "there is nothing to do in this country which will pay," when acres upon acres of beautitul grass, that would make excellent hay, is permitted to go to waste.—*Omaha Agriculturist.*

This was intended to apply to the Far West, but there are other sections of country in which it might be passed around as useful reading. The people of the South will want hay this winter, and many of them have plenty of good grass just now that ought to be made into hay. Crab grass makes a first-class hay—have you none of that on your farm? If you have not, you are better off than most people. Make every edge cut if you desire to make farming pay. If you can save but one hundred pounds of hay, doing it at odd spells when you would do nothing else, you have made, as clear gain, the amount that one hundred pounds of hay would cost in the market.—*Mobile Register.*

The wheat has been, generally threshed, and is not as much damaged as supposed. It is selling at from $1,10 to $1,25 per bushel.—*Bowling Green Democrat.*

Make Hay While the Sun Shines.

Every farmer should see to it that he has an abundant supply of roughness or hay for all his stock to be kept through the coming winter and spring. It is not too late even now to get a good supply of a first-rate substitute for hay. The abundant crop of Rag Weed, now standing on almost every farm in this section, can be appropriated. Farmers who have not a good supply of hay should mow Rag Weed and cure and stack it as ordinary hay, using a wooden bucket full of salt on each stack as it is made, and topping off the stack with some kind of grass. We can assure all who will try this experiment that they will be astonished to see how their cattle will relish the hay thus prepared and how it will take them through the winter.

How to Eat Apples.

In the Science of Health we find the following on a subject which is in order now that the apple crop is maturing:

I had a dispute with a friend about eating apples. I hold apples should be pared before eating, as they will be cleaner and easier digested than when eaten with skin, cores and all. My friend contends that the skin promotes digestion, and fruit should always be eaten with the skin. As we could not settle our dispute satisfactorily we concluded to submit to the judgment of the author of "Eating for Strength." We of course consider the doctor who wrote that very excellent and useful book, and edits the best hygienic monthly of the age, as perfectly capable of giving an opinion, which will not only be valuable, but very interesting to many of our subscribers.

S. B.

ANS.—As a rule apples should be pared before eating them, and the cores should be cut out. It is true that a very thin skinned apple, like the Belmont, may be eaten entire without much harm; but apple parings are indigestible and contain but little nutriment so far as is known. The same rule applies to other fruits. Very few people know how to get the most good out of fruit. One of these days we may have something to say on the subject.

National Grange Rulings.

If the Master of a Grange is absent, the highest ranking officer present acts as Master and fills all vacancies by appointment.

A suspended member cannot be admitted to the meetings of a Grange.

Any member of the Order holding a demit is subject to trial before the Grange in whose jurisdiction he resides.

All officers of a Grange must be duly installed before assuming the position and duties of the office. The election of officers must be by written ballot and not by balls.

A new Grange cannot be formed in the jurisdiction of a suspended Grange during the time of its suspension.

What is High Farming?

An American farmer of note, after visiting England and examining with the critical eye of a practical and experienced agriculturist, the system pursued there, says: I am thoroughly confirmed in my old faith that the only good farmer of our future is to be the "high farmer." There is a widely prevailing antipathy among the common farmers of our country not against the practice of high farming, but against the use of the phrase by agricultural writers. This is all wrong, and should be at once corrected. Through some misconception of the meaning of the phrase, and also of its application, they have to believe it synonymous with theoretical "book farming," "new fangled notions," boasted progress, followed by disappointment and final failure. This is all an error. High farming simply means thorough cultivation, liberal manuring, bountiful crops, good feed, and paying profits therefrom. It is not strange that misconceptions have arisen in the minds of doubting farmers who have been eye witnesses to some of the spread-eagle experiments of enthusiastic farmers, butter supplied with money obtained in a business they knew how to manage than with practical experience on the farm. Bountiful crops and paying profits, of course, are what all farmers who are depending upon the farm for an income, are striving to obtain; and every year as it passes is reconfirming the opinion that profits are small, and will grow beautifully less where high farming is not practiced.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Valuable Recipes.

FOR PROTECTION AGAINST MOTHS.—Bore the pith out of corn-cobs; fill with spirits of turpentine; stop the ends with wax; wrap in paper and pack among the fabrics.

Cement for sealing fruit cans is made of resin, one pound, tallow, one ounce.

To remove the stains on spoons caused by using them for boiled eggs, rub with common salt.

Coffee grounds should never be allowed to remain in tin, but should be poured out and the pot carefully cleansed as soon as it is used, else the flavor of the next beverage prepared in it will be impaired.

The white of an egg mixed with flour or fresh air-slaked lime makes a first-rate cement for broken china or earthen-ware, and one that can readily be had by any house-keeper.

A small quantity of crude petroleum rubbed on with the finger, is said to be a certain and speedy relief from the poisonous effects of the wild ivy, or poison oak, cow-itch vine, etc.

TO CLEAN BLACK KIDS.—A good way to clean black kid gloves is to take a teaspoonful of salid oil, drop a few drops of ink in it, and rub it over gloves with the tip of a feaher; then let them dry in the sun.

Rough on Mr. Burt.

"Lend me your umbrella a minute, sir; there's a poor old lady around the corner wants to go across the street;" and the man rushed off with Mr Burt's umbrella, and left him standing under an awning with the water trickling down off the end of his nose. Mr. Burt didn't care for a while. He muttered, "Poor woman, poor woman, poor woman," and thought of the treasures he was laying up in heaven, but after half an hour had passed he buttoned his coat up and stepped around the corner to see if the lady hadn't got across yet. He didn't see any old lady, and couldn't find any one who remembered seeing her, and the policeman said he must be drunk; so Mr. Burt wandered up the avenue, looking under every umbrella to see whether it had his name on it, and swearing enough little oaths to overbalance all the treasures he ever laid up in heaven or anywhere else.

A True Hero.

A boy about nine years old was bathing one day, when, by some mistake, he got into deep water and began to sink. His elder brother saw him, and ran to save him, but lacking strength or skill, he also sank to the bottom of the river. As the two drowning brothers rose to the surface for the last time, they saw a third brother, the youngest of the family, running down the bank for the purpose o trying to save them. Then it was that the nine-year-old acted the part of a hero. Struggling as he was with death, he gathered all his strength and cried to his brother on shore, "Don't come in, or father will lose all his boys at once!" Noble little fellow! Though dying, he forgot himself, and thought only of his father's grief. He was a genuine hero His brother obeyed his dying command, and was spared to comfort his father when his two dead sons were taken from the river clasped in each other's arms.

Too Much Shaving Water.

A certain minister, having become much addicted to drink, his presbytery had to interfere and get the minister to sign the pledge. This the minister did, and promised that he would never again take a drink under any pretense whatever. The minister certainly kept his word; but the result was that the sudden reaction was too much for him, and he took so ill that the doctor had to be sent for. The doctor knew the habits of the man well, and told the minister that he must just begin and take his toddy again This the minister said he could not do, as he had taken the pledge in presence of the presbytery. The doctor replied that he might get a bottle or two quietly, and that nobody but himself (the minister) and the housekeeper would know anything about it.

"Man," says the minister, "my housekeeper is worse than all the presbytery put together, so that would not do." However, it was arranged that the doctor was to bring the whisky and sugar, and that the minister was to make up the toddy in the bedroom with the hot water that he always got for shaving purposes in the morning. The result was, the minister got speedily well, and one day on going out, the doctor said to the minister's housekeeper, "Well, Margaret, your minister is quite himself again." "There's the doot about that, sir," she replied; "he's quite well in body; but there's something gane far wrong wi' his upper story."

"What's wrong there, Margaret?" asked the doctor. "Weel, sir, I dinna ken, but he asks for shavin' water six and seven times i' day."

A poor woman and her child lately settled in a western city, were greatly reduced and in need of food. The child, seeing a chicken in the back yard, wanted to kill it and have a pot-pot. "No, no," said the mother, "that would be wicked, and God would surely punish you." "Then," said the youngster, looking up, "let's move back to Chicago—there ain't any God there!"

"Would you please give a boy who broke his leg the other day, a few peanuts?" inquired a small chap of an avenue grocer. "Now, boy, you are lying to me," said the grocer, looking the boy in the eye, "I don't believe you know any boy that has broken his leg. Come, now, do you?" "No, I don't," replied the lad, after some hesitation, "but I know a boy whose sister fell down and jarred her teeth out!" He got a few peanuts.

Even the laziest boy can sometimes catch a whipping.

A smart thing—A mustard plaster.